THE NEW CUPID.

He gazed at me without surprise,
Quite calmly and collectedly.
I scarcely could believe my eyes,
We met so unexpectedly.
Yet he it was beyond a doubt,
A visible reality,
For little wings were sprouting out
Not granted to mortality.

But where the arrows, where the bow,
Employed with such dexterity?
The quiver, too?—I did not know,
And asked in all sincerity.
A frown appeared upon his brow,
He answered me with chilliness:
"They're antiquated weapons now,
To use them would be silliness.

"For mortals grow, from year to year,
More highly intellectual:
I have some little missiles here
That always prove effectual.
I sling them forth—they're sterling gold:
A few may miss, conceivably,
But any heart that's hard or cold
They damage irretrievably."

"By force of gold! O, Cupid, think
The foul, debasing force it is!
Is this your boast?" He gave a wink,
And answered: "Why, of course it is;
I saw my chance when Cupid died,
And seized it with avidity."
"Then who on earth are you?" I cried.
He smiled and said: "Cupidity."

—London World.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XI.

At ten o'clock that dark and gloomy Sunday night Mr. Lambert stood in front of his tent, leaning on his sword and listening in silence to the conference going on between his commander and the civil officers of the law. Close had come home in high dudgeon, and was, as usual, slow and cautious, but more than usually reluctant and suspicious. Fuming over the failure of the mission on which he had started so confidently, believing himself "tricked by the enemy," and now offered ample revenge and assured of success through the information tendered him, he nevertheless faltered. Lambert, returning from the round of his sentries, was taken unawares by the sudden question:

"This gentleman says the old lady knew just where we had gone and just when we would get back. What do you think of it?"

"It's a matter I know nothing about, sir," was the answer, "except that she did say she was writing a letter to be given you on your return this evening, and instantly corrected herself by saying on your return."

"Yes. Here's the letter, by Jove, and it's a worse puzzle than before. And here's the deputy marshal back with increased powers, new orders, search-warrants, and God knows what all. I'm willing enough to back you in dealing with men, Mr. Parmelee," said the captain, turning again to the eager civilian, "but the lieutenant has had these sentries posted 40 minutes, and there hasn't been a sound. I don't want any searching of a house that holds nothing but women, because you think some of your jail birds are there—"

"I tell you, captain, there's no room for doubt. The negroes have seen them. They told Mr. Jarvis, here, and told him the mules were to be there before ten o'clock to carry 'em off out of harm's way. Your man Murphy admits he saw one last night—one of the Scroggses, sure, by the description, and his brother is with him there, I'll bet a hat."

"I don't believe it," sturdily answered Close. "Only last August she turned Walton Scroggs away from her door with such a tongue-lashing as I never heard; an' that's saying a good deal. She forbade him ever setting foot within her gates again. I heard her; so did half the men in this company."

"I know all about that. He has been in love with his cousin, the elder of the Walton girls, as long as I can remember, and because of his shiftless habits the old lady wouldn't listen to it. Then they took to meeting by stealth, and she found it out. She discharged old Rasmus for no other reason than that he carried letters for them. I've tried to bribe him twice to tell where Wal Scroggs was hiding, but the old nigger's a damn fool—with a starving wife, too. They tell me he was seen round here a day or two since, asking for Riggs, and he's been carrying letters again. The old lady wouldn't have him there before, perhaps, but she would shelter him now, when the government demands his surrender. But, even if she wouldn't, Esther Walton would. I tell you they're there, captain, and they'll be off and out of our reach this night if you fail to take them now."

Close was pulling on a soldier's overcoat at the moment, and stopped to listen to some sound down the dark recesses of the "bottom" along the winding stream.

"It's the mules now!" began Parmelee, excitedly, but Close held up a warning hand.

"If it is, my men will nab 'em, that's all. Now you've been the means of my takin' the men on more'n one long wild-goose chase afoot—that telegram of yours was enough to give the whole scheme away—and of my bein' invited to be damn fool enough to fight two duels this afternoon. Both Col. Scroggs and Mr. Barton Potts, by thunder, want me to go out and be shot because I preferred to satisfy myself Mr. Wal Scroggs wasn't in the old Gibson place, 'stead of takin' their word of honor for it. There's a sick lady there who was scared of Yankee uniforms; but I'd rather search all Tugaloo and Quitman and hell together than rout out old Mis' Walton to-night. They can't get out past my sentries. They're sure to be nabbed if they try. Let 'em try, I say. It's the easiest way to settle the whole business. Then they can be arrested without disturbin' anybody in the house."

But Parmelee was dissatisfied. He had been chaffed, jeered at, maddened over the escape of his prisoners. Two of them—the worst of the lot, so far as he could judge—were here now, within his grasp, if he could but persuade Close to act. He had still a card to play, and it was a trump lead.

"I did send you a telegram steering you to Gibson's, and I did it because the marshal himself so directed; for it was he who was sure that was where they had taken refuge. Scroggs and his precious kinsman, Potts, probably got warning in time to send their two refugees away, and now they've had the cheek to hide them here, right under your nose. Talk about the record you've made as a preserver of the peace down here; how'll it read all over the north that, after being released from jail in the presence of Capt. Close's company, the worst of the gang—men under indictment for murderous assault on United States officers in discharge of their duties—came and took up their residences across the road from Capt. Close's camp and dared him to take them. That's the way it'll read, by God, if you don't act to-night."

For a moment Close simply stared at the man. Parmelee was no fighter, man to man, steel to steel; that the war veteran knew well; but the Yankee schoolmaster of ante-bellum days had learned to use his wits and his tongue. He could argue, if he couldn't face a bullet. The stalwart soldier who, single-handed, had captured a squad of astonished trench defenders before Vicksburg and had faced the blazing battle line with dauntless front a score of times, looked helplessly a moment into the face of this keen fencer, then turned appealingly to the young West Pointer, as though to ask: "Isn't there something in your education to answer this?" But Lambert was silent. From first to last the lesson taught him at the national academy was subordination of the military to the civil authority.

"Well, go ahead. You're boss, I s'pose. I can only follow. What d'you want me to do?" said Close.

"I want you to search that house and get those men," was Parmelee's answer.

And then there was another moment of oppressive silence; then sudden start and alarm.

Down the Tugaloo road to the south, at the farthest corner of the fence which surrounded the Walton place, there was a pathway leading through the brush to the level "bottom" below. Somewhere in this direction, but beyond the corner, only a few seconds before, had been heard a sound like that of a bray nipped suddenly in the bud—of a mule's essay at vocalism checked summarily with a club. At this point where road and pathway came together Lambert had posted Private Green, a reliable soldier of many years' experience, and when Green challenged there was reason for it. Low and stern his voice was heard distinctly at the listening camp: "Who comes there?" followed almost immediately by the sharp order: "Halt! Halt, or I fire."

Waiting for no order, Lambert was off like a dart, Burns following with a lantern. Again came the cry: "Halt!" but the promised shot was not heard. Even when running at speed past the gate of the Walton place, the young officer could not resist a quick glance at the dark facade of the old homestead. Already a light was dancing along the portico, another gleaming at an upper window.

"What's the matter, sentry?" he panted, as he came upon the dark figure at the turn of the road. Green, with his rifle at "ready," was peering into the gap in the tangle of shrubbery.

"Some one was coming up there, sir, and ran the instant I challenged. I ought to have let him get up to me and then halted him, but I had regulations instead of sense in my head," said Green, a New Englander with a propensity for talk. "He's out o' harm's way—"

But Lambert waited to hear no more. With Burns at his heels he sprang down the dim pathway, and had not gone 30 yards before he came upon some struggling object crashing into the brush towards the stream. "Halt!" he shouted, and, while something halted, other somethings, with muttered oaths, went plunging on. He heard a splash, hoofs clattering over gravel, the lashing of a whip, and then all was still across the dark open space through which flowed the sluggish "branch." But here among the bushes were two wondering quadrupeds, one a mule with broken bridle-rein, the other, as Burns' lantern speedily showed, a Cherokee pony—both saddled. A corporal came running to join them, and in a moment the beasts were led back to the road way, where Close and Parmelee by this time stood ready to receive them. One glance was all the latter needed.

"What did I tell you, captain?" said he, in triumph. "That is Wal Scroggs' own pony, and the master's hiding there at the Walton place."

Ten minutes more and a strange, solemn scene was being enacted at the head of the steps leading up to that broad, vine-covered old porch, whose dingy white columns loomed dim and ghostly in the glare of lantern and candle. The door was thrown wide open, and on the worn coping-stone, calm, dignified, erect, even though leaning heavily upon her cane, a lighted candle held high over the shimmering gray of her well-poised head, her stately, slender form garbed in some dark clinging robe, stood the mistress of the house, the clear-cut, pallid face standing forth against the black background of the hallway like some exquisite cameo, the thin, sensitive lips quivering just a trifle at the drooping corners of her firmly-set, almost colorless mouth. In front of her, his brown head bared, his burly form nearly concealed in his light-blue overcoat, an almost pleading look in his soft brown eyes, was Close, the hero of a score of battles. On his right, folded and formidable-looking documents extended in an unsteady hand, also with uncovered head, stood Parmelee, representing the majesty of the law. To the left of the commander and a pace retired, buttoned to the throat in the uniform of his rank and girt with sash and belt, stood young Lambert, obedient to orders. Behind them, and almost at the top of the steps, armed and equipped, a sergeant and two soldiers of the guard. Back, farther down the steps, still others were grouped, the fixed bayonets gleaming in the light of the two lamps, one held by the amazed woman at the threshold, the other swinging from the gloved hand of the sergeant of the guard.

"What you say, sir, is absurd—impossible. At no time, under no circumstances," Mrs. Walton was saying, "could the gentleman you name be secreted in that room."

"Madam," replied Close, his deep voice trembling, "nobody can feel more sorry about this than I do. I'd rather go through the whole war over again than be here on such an errand to-night, but—a soldier must obey his orders. I saw him, madam, at that window. These gentlemen saw—"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen, sir, never would connive at such an outrage. That is my daughter's room—Miss Esther Walton's."

Dead silence for a moment, solemn and impressive indeed, for Close turned helplessly to the supporters on his right, unable to face such majesty of confidence and conviction, unable to say the words that could sound only like insult intensified. It was Parmelee whose sense of duty rose superior to exalted sentiment.

"Madam," he began, stepping forward, "these papers are full warrant for my action. I know two men to be secreted here. I, too, saw one at that window, and the law must take its course."

"Stop!" she cried. "I have said that was my daughter's room. One of your party, at least, has the appearance of a gentleman. Lieut. Lambert, is it possible that you—that any graduate of West Point—can stand here and permit such outrage as this? Would you allow your sister's room to be searched for—oh, my God! nothing we have had to bear was comparable to this. I give you my word of honor no such man is, or has been—"

But she got no further. Out from the dark hallway, with bounding step, tall

"I reckon, gentlemen, I'm the man you want."

slender and athletic, sprang a young fellow with the warning cry: "Mother! not another word."

She strove to check him as he pushed his impetuous way past her. With a wail of anguish unspeakable she threw aside her cane and seized him by the arm. Down went the candle sputtering to the floor. "Floyd—Floyd! Oh, my boy, what have you done?" she moaned, and bowed her gray head upon the broad young shoulder.

And then, with just a touch of the melodramatic in his bearing, the youth folded his arms and stood erect before the astonished group of officials.

"I reckon, gentlemen, I'm the man you want."

Close looked at him in bewilderment, then turned to Parmelee, whose face, whether through fear or excitement, was twitching nervously, and who stood staring blankly at the stranger. From the hallway came creeping hurriedly forth a girlish form, misery in the streaming eyes and dishevel hair, and Katherine Walton threw herself upon her brother's arm, sobbing convulsively. "Hush, Kate," he whispered, in almost stern reproach. "Hush, child. Go back to your room;" and though now he enfolded his mother in the embrace of his left arm, he strove to free the right. But Katherine would not go.

And still, though here apparently was the sought-for prisoner, no man stepped forward to claim him. Officers and men, the nocturnal visitors looked blankly at one another, at the stricken group upon the threshold, and were silent. Then with sudden gesture, as though he could no longer bear the strain, the young man broke loose from Katherine's clinging arms, and, gently unclasping his mother's hands, once again addressed himself to Close:

"I say, suh, I reckon you've come for me. I'm ready to go with you at once."

And then, with wonder and relief in their faces, with sudden check to sobs and tears, mother and sister lifted up their heads and stared at the embarrassed officer. Lambert gave vent to an audible gasp of delight, for Close, turning slowly upon the silent and astonished deputy, and with a world of suppressed wrath in his deep tones, growled forth:

"You've got no warrant for this gentleman. I never saw him before in my life, and never heard of him as being mixed up in any trouble. This is young Mr. Walton, isn't it?" he suddenly inquired of the stranger, over whose pale face a look of bewilderment was creeping, and who for a moment seemed unable to reply. It was Mme. Walton who, with quivering, ashen lips and with hope, fear, yearning, anguish in her eyes, found voice to say:

"This is my youngest son, suh—Floyd Walton.

"You say," she continued tremulously, "you have no warrant, no cause for his arrest. Then in God's name go, and leave us in peace. I am not well; and on my word of honor, no other man is hidden—"

"Mother! Hush!"

A door hastily opened within—the door leading to the room to the left of the entrance, the room at whose window Close and Parmalee could swear they saw the dim figure of a man peering forth as they entered the gate. A heavy footfall resounded through the hall. A light streamed forth from the open room, and a woman's wailing, shuddering cry followed the tall powerful form that came striding to the front. With a look of horror in her eyes, Mrs. Walton staggered, would have fallen, but for the clasping arm of her son, upon whose breast she now leaned, panting for breath and glaring at the newcomer, to whose side now sprang Esther, her long black hair streaming down the white wrapper in which her tall figure was enveloped—Esther, who strove to drag the stranger back from before her mother's eyes.

"You here? You?" was Mrs. Walton's gasping cry. "And in—that room?"

"Mother!" wailed the elder daughter, throwing herself upon her knees before the fainting form—"mother, listen. Oh, make her hear me, Floyd! Mother, I am Walton's wife."

But the words fell on senseless ears. The lady of Walton hall slipped swooning, till they caught and bore her within the open doorway.

"Well," said Close, a moment later, "what do you want done with your man—Walton Scroggs? One's enough for this night, I suppose."

"One's enough for me, as things have turned out. Now, what are you going to do with the other?"

"Leave him here, with his mother, where he ought to be, of course. You've got no cause to arrest him."

"But you have, anyhow."

"I! What, I'd like to know?"

"Because he's a deserter from the United States army."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAMOUS GERMAN PREACHER.

Remarkable Pulpit Orator Who Has Achieved Wide Popularity.

There are few men whose acquaintance extends from the court of one of Europe's most powerful monarchs to the very poorest subject in the realm; but such an experience is enjoyed by Berlin's great and interesting preacher, Frommel—a man of splendid physique, noble carriage, venerable appearance, and spiritual influence. Equally at home is he in the palace of the kaiser and in the hovel of the humblest peasant, his graceful tact teaching him to do the right thing in the right place and his wonderful adaptability enabling him to appear at ease in every position to which duty calls him. Human nature is to him an open book, and whatever page opens to his gaze he is interested in the study. He responds to the call from the humblest with no less gentleness and alertness than he does to royalty's invitation, and many are the stories of his goodness which his friends love to tell about him.

A poor old woman lay dying and Frommel being in that neighborhood and knowing of her case went to see her. Seeing that she was very ill, he gave her what she so much desired, his last blessing, after which he asked her if there were not some wish ungratified which he could make a reality for her. She acknowledged that there was, but at the same time refused to tell it for fear he would think her very worldly and weak. Finally, however, she yielded to his kind persuasion and confessed that she had a very great desire to "taste cherries once more" before she died. Knowing that the physicians had said that her case was hopeless and that death was distant only a few hours, Frommel determined to gratify her longing; so he descended the steps in quest of a fruit woman, and fortunately found one near at hand with a large basket of luscious fruit. To the astonishment of the woman he bought her entire stock, and it was soon deposited at the bedside of the dying woman, whom he gently called "mother," bidding her at the same time to eat as many cherries as she wished—and to the surprise of herself and Frommel she finally recovered.—Chautauquan.

Very True.

An excellent reproof once given by Gen. Robert E. Lee to two members of his staff is printed in the "Life," written by John Esten Cooke. On one occasion two members of his staff sat up late at night discussing a keg of whisky and a problem in algebra. Upon meeting one of them in the morning Gen. Lee inquired as usual after his health, and learned in reply that he was suffering from a headache. "Ah, colonel," remarked the old man, "I have often observed that when the unknown quantities x and y are represented by a keg of whisky and a tin cup, the solution of the question is usually a headache!"—Youth's Companion.

Battles of Leipsic.

Leipsic, a city of Saxony, has given its name to two great victories which were won in its immediate vicinity. The first was by Gustavus Adolphus over Tilly, the noted French marshal. This battle was fought at Breitenfeld, a few miles from the city. The victory gained by the allies over Napoleon was won after a battle which raged not only in a cluster of villages near the city, but also in the streets of Leipsic itself. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Unprepared.

Mary—Please, mum, the castors under master's armchair creak most terrible. Hadn't they better be oiled?

Mrs. Moffat (newly married)—Certainly; but I am afraid we have no castor oil in the house.—Answers.

—A French autograph collector says the signature of Christopher Columbus can always find a buyer at £800.

ABYSSINIAN ART CRITICS.

A "Last Judgment" for Menelik with Friends and Foes Distributed.

As the Egyptians, Etruscans and Greeks were artistic, so, it seems, are the Abyssinians. As is known, a great organ has been ordered from Berlin for the cathedral of Adis Abeba, the residence of Emperor Menelik, and a celebrated Russian painter, Vladiscow, is going there to paint the Negus as he appeared at the battle of Adowa. The cathedral of Adis Abeba is composed of two churches, one inside the other. The outside one is open to all the faithful while the inner is reserved for the sacred person of the Negus and his family. Emperor Menelik, it seems, has an artistic fancy. He wished the outer walls of the inner church to be decorated with religious pictures, and ordered, under the first Crispi cabinet, the pictures in Italy, sending the measures of the walls and the windows which break them. The Italian government received the order with great pleasure, and commissioned several artists to paint the pictures, which were almost finished when Ras Makonnen came to Italy as ambassador extraordinary. At Turin he saw the pictures, but they did not please him, the artists having given them the appearance of tapestry, and they were forthwith refused.

The commission was again given, this time to artists in Rome. Ras Makonnen called to examine the sketches, approved them on the whole, but suggested certain changes. The interpreter was embarrassed for words to convey the exact idea, and the Ras, waxing impatient, seized a piece of charcoal, and, stooping, drew the design he wanted on the tile floor in a primitive, but thoroughly intelligible manner. The pictures were soon finished. One represented a kind of universal judgment; in Paradise are King Humbert, Queen Margherita, Emperor Menelik, Signor Crispi, Count Antonelli, who had been Italian representative to Shoa, the Ras Makonnen himself, etc. while in inferno stand Ras Alula, Ras Mangascia and others. The canvases were sent, and now, after Adowa, one would much like to know if the above-mentioned personages retain their respective positions in Paradise and inferno, and when the £1,600 for them will be paid.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE "SUMMER BUTTERFLY."

Small Tradesmen Who Turn Cabmen in London.

I wonder if you know what a "summer butterfly" is? If you were skilled in the ways of the cabby you would know that it is the small tradesmen who turn cabmen during the season, returning to their legitimate occupation when autumn sets in. "Butterflies" are being gradually weeded out by the police, and a man is allowed to take out a cab-driver's license only when he can prove that he is what he represents himself to be. A cabman's earnings greatly depend, I may say, on luck; accordingly, the weekly wage may range from as low as ten shillings to as high as two pounds at certain seasons. The hours, as you know, are exceedingly long. Supposing a man turns out at ten a. m.; he drives the same horse from six to seven hours, and then, changing horses, goes on till three o'clock in the morning. There is not much difference between hansom-cab drivers and the four-wheel men as the public seem to imagine. Not infrequently drivers change and change about; thus a four-wheeler who feels that the moving of heavy boxes is past his strength will take a hansom; or, again, the hansom cabby who finds that his exposed position brings on rheumatism and kindred ills, will change in favor of the more jog-trot vehicle. There is scarcely a well-known cabdriver in London but has his own special appellation generally given to him in view of some physical or mental peculiarity. Some idea of the literary attainments and wide knowledge of cabby can be given you by the fact that among the nicknames may be found "Trilby," "Lord Randolph Churchill," "Flop the Beadle," "Ulster Jack," "Sweet Apple Joe," "Busy Bee," "Garibaldi," "Nicodemus" and "Four-in-Hand." Not infrequently the men are known to one another only by their pseudonyms.—London Sketch.

Early Man in Europe.

Judging from skeletons found in Europe, palaeolithic man was short of stature and had a low retreating forehead; it is supposed that he had a yellowish skin, which was covered with coarse hair much like the ainu of Yezo. He was strong in body, but he had the diminutive mind of a child. Wild and fierce, he knew little of pity or of love; he was lower in savagery than any we know, but he bore the germs of a better race; he was only a hunter, living on the animals he had slain and the roots and nuts he could gather. At war with his neighbor and at war with himself, his life was racked with fears and torments, and his mind filled with debasing superstitions, which civilization has hardly yet wholly eliminated. —Harvey B. Bashore, in Lippincott's.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A girl who wears bloomers and a man's hat hasn't any feelings to hurt.

A wise woman knows that the madder her husband is the harder he'll pound the carpet.

The woman who sings for an hour and wins the applause of the public isn't generally half as happy as the one who does a hard day's work with some one at the end who puts his arms around her and asks her all about it.—N. Y. Press.

Lack of Jurisdiction.

Stranger—As I was going home late last night somebody fired a pistol at me and shot this hole through my hat.

Western Judge—What the mischief have I got to do with that? This ain't a hat store. If the man shoots a hole through your head, then come to me and I'll see what can be done about it.—N. Y. World.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH

—Rev. Dr. George Adams Smith has declined the pastorate of Marylebone Presbyterian church, London.

—Rev. Dr. John H. Barrows states that the Ben Oliel mission among the Jews in Jerusalem is unworthy of confidence and should be stigmatized as a fraud.

—Rev. Dr. Edward G. Thurber, of the American church in Paris, has arranged an exchange of pulpits with Rev. Dr. J. B. Rossiter, of Chicago, for the months of June, July and August.

—The Watchman very truthfully says that the "friends of a minister may do him great harm by sending to the papers overwrought descriptions of his learning, piety, eloquence and general effectiveness." Many a minister has suffered in this way. Better let him speak for himself.

—Rev. Dr. J. N. Hallock, editor of the Christian at Work of New York, has declined the presidency of the Westminster university, of Colorado, which was recently offered him at a salary of $10,000 a year, because he feels it his duty to remain with the Christian at Work, which he has done so much to make a force in religious journalism.

—The centenary of the consecration of Bishop Bass, of Massachusetts, which was celebrated recently, recalls some anecdotes of the bishop. He refused to live in Dorchester, because the brooks there were "not large enough for Bass to swim in." His first marriage displeased his parishioners, whereupon he preached to them a sermon from the text: "They will slay me for my wife's sake."

—Two officials of the two Baptist missionary societies, which are so badly in debt, report good progress in the efforts making to raise enough money to secure Mr. Rockefeller's offer. Seven subscriptions in Boston aggregate $19,000. The Clarendon Street church has $8,000 pledged towards the $10,000 which it expects to raise. The Greater New York committee expects to secure $75,000.

THE SULTAN'S SERAGLIOS.

They Contain Some 4,000 Persons—The Household Order.

In time of the sultan's predecessor the seraglios' buildings stretched along the banks of the Bosphorus for a mile and a half and contained some 4,000 persons, the household order and arrangement being much as they are at present. The sultan's mother, when he has a mother, receives a servile obedience from all its inmates; then comes the hasnadar ousta, or mistress of the treasury, generally a shrewd old woman, promoted from the ranks of the servants for her talent for housekeeping and gossip. If the sultani valide dies, the hasnadar succeeds her. Under Abdul Medjid the seraglio was long ruled by a washerwoman, whose chief adviser was a baltadic, or hewer of wood, who could not read, but had the power of dismissing viziers. The sultan's four kadines come next, who rank as spouses till he divorces them and marries them to some of the pashas. Then there are five or six ikbals, or favorites; then the guieuzedes (from guieuz, eye—girls who have attracted the master's glance). Every woman who marries from the seraglio takes with her, besides a large portion in cash, her clothing, jewels, furniture, carriages and servants. After them come the kadines-effendis, the mothers of the sultan's children; then the unmarried princesses of the royal blood, then the foster-mothers and foster-sisters of the sultana or princes or princesses. Among the attendants are chamberlains, secretaries, guards, eunuchs, scullions, cooks, pages, musicians, dancing girls, dwarfs, buffoons, priests, astrologers, barbers and shampooers, tasters of the sultan's food, athletes, cock-fighters, ram-fighters, jugglers and grooms to look after the 100 horses contained in the imperial stables. Tales of victory from the Thessalian mountain passes now thrill this extensive household, making it buzz and hum like a swarm of Paphlagonian bees; its note of exultation is likely to strike into another key whenever the inconstant bird of victory changes its perch from one standard to the other. —N. Y. Tribune.

Rivers Outlive Lakes.

Prof. W. B. Scott, of Princeton, in a recent lecture, explained why lakes are rare in countries whose surface has undergone no sudden change for an immense period of time. It is because the gradual effects of atmospheric agencies and the power of water to carry solid matter from elevated places and deposit it in depressed places, tend to reduce the land to a general level, and to fill up the basins of lakes. Thus in the southern United States lakes are rare, while in the northern states they abound, the reason being that the northern part of our country was covered by a great ice sheet during the glacial period, and the lakes produced by the scooping-out and damming-up effects of the glaciers have not yet disappeared, whereas in the southern states, which were not reached by the ice, the face of the land has lain for ages, except by the slow levelling forces already referred to. Rivers are much longer-lived than lakes.—Youth's Companion.

Tax on Bachelors and Spinsters.

The legislators of the Argentine Republic have introduced a law which says that after the first day of January, 1897, every male from the age of 20 to 80 shall pay a monthly tax till he marries. Celibates of either sex who without legitimate motives reject the addresses of him or her who may aspire to her or his hand must pay the sum of 500 piasters for the benefit of the person refused.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Case.

Wiggins—What makes you so certain of Bawler's patriotism?

Boggs—Why, he just boils over with indignation when he hears of the wrongs of foreigners that we have no interest in!—N. Y. Truth.